



Chapter 6

Asher's Point of View

The knock comes just as I have started to think I might actually be able to breathe again.

My head quickly snaps towards the door, and for a moment I consider ignoring it.

"Asher? It's me."

My mother's voice comes through the door.

I sigh and scrub a hand down my face before pulling the door open.

My mother gives me a small, knowing smile.

"Can I come in?"

She asks. I nod my head wordlessly and step aside to let her pass.

She glides in, every bit the graceful Luna she has always been, and settles onto the couch near the window like she belongs there.

She studies me for a few minutes before finally speaking.

"I wasn't expecting you to bring home a surprise."

The weight in her voice makes my shoulders sag. I close the door and let out a long, weary sigh.

"It's a long story."



I mutter, crossing the room.

Her brow arches, and she offers me that sweet, patient smile that has gotten more confessions out of me than I would care to admit.

"Well, aren't we lucky then that I have all day to listen to your long story."

She says and I groan quietly before sinking onto the couch across from her, leaning forward with my elbows on my knees.

For a few seconds I just stare at the floor, as I try to put my words together.

"It was a mistake."

I say quietly. The words taste like ash in my mouth.

"A drunken mistake on the full moon. But when I found out about the baby... I couldn't walk away. I wasn't raised like that. So I brought her back. I'll take responsibility. She'll be Luna."

I say quietly and her sigh cuts through the air, disappointed but not surprised.

"Asher..."

She says, shaking her head slowly. Her voice is soft, but it still feels like a blow.

"Are you sure that the baby is even yours?"

She asks carefully and a growl rips from my throat before I can stop it. My wolf surges forward, bristling at the doubt.



"Why would she lie about something like that?"

I ask. My tone is sharp, harsher than I mean it to be, but I don't take it back.

She doesn't answer me right away. She just sits there in silence, watching me with those patient, unflinching eyes that have always seen too much.

"What about Sienna?"

She finally asks after a few minutes of silence and her name is like a knife to my chest. I freeze, every muscle tensing before I force myself to lean back and give a halfhearted shrug. I make sure to keep my face blank, my voice flat.

"It doesn't matter. Whatever we had was a childhood crush. That is all. We are adults now. And we have both moved on. We have our own lives."

My mother frowns slightly but before she can say anything I shake my head.

"Drop it. Sienna and I are not going to happen. My loyalties are with Bianca and our baby. That is the end of it."

The silence between us thickens. My mother doesn't move from her spot. She is still sitting there, her hands folded in her lap, her eyes on me, patient and sharp, like she is just waiting for me to slip. 1

"Asher..."

She begins quietly.



"You can tell me that it doesn't matter all you want, but you and I both know that it is not true."

My jaw tightens.

"It is true."

"Is it?"

She presses gently, her voice calm, but her gaze is piercing.

"Because I saw the way you looked when she turned away. You looked like..."

She stops herself, sighs, shaking her head.

"You looked like you couldn't breathe."

I flinch, my wolf growling low in my chest.

"You are imagining things."

I mutter, shifting in my seat uncomfortably.

"Sienna and I... whatever it was, it was years ago, Mom. She has her family now, her mate, her child. That door is closed." 5

Her brow lifts, just slightly.

"Then why do you sound like you are trying to convince yourself more than me?"

I glare at the floor, unwilling to meet her eyes. The truth is too dangerous to let out.



She leans forward, her tone softening when she speaks again.

"Asher, I know you. You have never been able to hide your heart from me, no matter how hard you try. Not when you were a boy, and not now. And your heart..."

She shakes her head sadly.

"Your heart is still tied to hers."

The words hit me harder than I expected it to.

"My heart doesn't matter. My responsibilities do."

I snap back at her, my voice harsher than I meant it to be.

Her lips press into a thin line, and for a few minutes she says nothing.

"Are you happy, Asher?"

She asks softly and the question guts me.

I don't answer her. I can't.

She studies me, her gaze softer now, filled with the kind of love only a mother can carry.

"I know what duty means to you. I know you will do what you think is right. But, son... don't confuse carrying responsibility with choosing chains. Don't punish yourself for the rest of your life."

Her words land deep. My wolf surges at them, hope clawing at me, but I shut it down violently. I force my expression flat and shake my head.



"I have made my choice."

I say, my voice low and final.

"I told you, Bianca and the baby... That is my life now. That is where my loyalty lies. Nothing else matters."

Her eyes search mine for a long moment, as if she can pull the truth out of me if she stares long enough. But then she lets out a quiet sigh and rises to her feet.

"Very well. I won't press you anymore. Just... remember what I said."

She lays her hand briefly against my cheek, her thumb brushing against my cheek like she used to when I was younger.

"You deserve happiness too, Asher. Don't forget that."

And then she leaves, the soft click of the door echoing in the heavy silence that stays behind in the room.